

DELL

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SCOTT
FORBES
as

JIM BOWIE

Deals
quick
justice
to the
river
rogues!

AUTHORIZED EDITION



JIM BOWIE... WOODSMAN, PATRIOT, AND GENTLEMAN...



His suave diplomacy won the respect of New Orleans society...



While his skill, strength, and the "Bowie Knife" demanded the respect of the rougher element.

JIM BOWIE, No. 362. Published by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 351 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., Publisher, Helen Meyer, President, Paul R. Kelly, Executive Vice-President, Harold Clark, Vice-Pres. Advertising Director, Albert P. Delacorte, Treasurer. © 1955, by Dell Books, Inc. All rights reserved throughout the world. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Authorized edition.
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THE ADVENTURES OF
Jim Bowie
 JIM BOWIE'S SECRET

ON WHAT HAD STARTED OUT TO BE AN ORDINARY MORNING, JIM BOWIE RIDES INTO SWAMP CITY, LOUISIANA, ONLY TO FIND THAT HE IS FACED WITH THE UNSAVORY TASTE OF BRUTALITY.



REINING HIS HORSE TOWARD THE CROWD, JIM DISMOUNTS...





HEARING THE WARNING, JIM WHIRLS! HIS BOWIE KNIFE LEAPS INTO HIS FINGERS...







SHORTLY, IN THE LIVING QUARTERS BEHIND THE STORE...







JIM LOOKS QUESTIONINGLY AT WARDLOW,
THEN SPEAKS QUIETLY...

I'D HEARD YOU
CHANGED, WARDLOW...
I DIDN'T THINK IT
WAS *THAT* MUCH!

TIME CHANGES A LOT
OF MEN, BOWIE!
NOW WHAT'S IT
GOING TO BE?



TENSION RIPPLES THROUGH THE CROWD AS
JIM BOWIE FACES WARDLOW'S CHALLENGE...

MAKE UP YOUR MIND!
YOU *APPOLOOZE* OR
FIGHT?



JIM SEEMS TO BE CARRYING ON A FIGHT
WITHIN HIMSELF... AND THEN...

YOU WIN,
SHERIFF! I
APOLOGIZE
TO YOUR
MEN!



YOUNG JEFF BOWIE IS STUNNED BY
HIS UNCLE'S DECISION...

HE BACKED
DOWN!

YOU AND YOUR BIG TALK! YOUR
UNCLE'S THE SAME AS ALL THE
OTHERS! HE'S
AFRAID!



KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE, BOWIE!
NEXT TIME YOU INTERFERE...
I MIGHT NOT BE SO EASY ON YOU!



YOUNG JEFF FIGHTS BACK THE TEARS...
ASHAMED AND DISAPPOINTED AT WHAT HE
WAS WITNESSED...

JEFF! WAIT!

LEAVE ME ALONE!





"I SAW THE BRITISH SOLDIER JUST AS HE LIFTED HIS GUN...
BUT I COULDN'T MOVE...AT THAT MOMENT, I KNEW I
WAS FINISHED!"



"THEN, OUT OF NOWHERE, WARDLOW APPEARED!"



"HE GOT ME OUT OF THERE JUST IN TIME, TOO...
AND HE RISKED AW'S LIFE TO GET ME BEHIND
THE LINES TO A FIELD HOSPITAL..."



IT DOESN'T EVEN
SOUND LIKE THE
SAME MAN, JIM...

HE'S CHANGED ED...
WARDLOW WAS A
GOOD SOLDIER ONCE...
BUT SOMETHING
HAPPENED DURING
THAT WAR...



HE BEGAN TO ENJOY THE
KILLINGS AND THE FIGHTING...
WHAT STARTED OUT AS
A FIGHT FOR HIS COUNTRY
BECAME A PERSONAL
FIGHT...FOR REVENGE
...AND NOW IT LOOKS
AS IF HE'S
POWER MAD!



JIM SPURS OUT FAST, DESPERATELY HOPING THAT HE CAN LOCATE JEFF...



I'VE GOT TO FIND THAT BOY! THE SWAMPS AND PRAIRIES ARE THE MOST DANGEROUS PLACES IN THIS COUNTRY!

THE BOY'S TRAIL IS NOT HARD TO FOLLOW AND BEFORE LONG, JIM FINDS HIMSELF IN THE TREACHEROUS SWAMP SECTION...



IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO JEFF, I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF!

MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AHEAD OF JIM BOWIE...



IT SURE IS SCARY OUT HERE... BUT I'M NOT GOING TO BE AFRAID... I'M NOT GOING TO BE AFRAID OF ANYTHING!

JEFF'S HORSE SEEMS TO SENSE THE DANGER AND SUDDENLY...

QUICKSAND!



PRACTICALLY, THE BOY TRIES TO STEP BACK, BUT THE MORE HE STRUGGLES, THE DEEPER HE SINKS...



I'M SINKING! HELP!

ON THE TRAIL, JIM HEARS THE BOY'S CALL FOR HELP...



JIM RIDES HARD TO THE PLACE WHERE JEFF IS DRINKING...



...LEAPS FROM HIS HORSE AND SWINGS UP INTO A TREE OVER THE MARSH...



WITH A QUICK SLASH OF HIS BOWIE KNIFE, HE CUTS A THIN BRANCH FROM THE TREE...



SLOWLY, JIM STARTS TO PULL JEFF FREE...



AND SOON...



AS THEY RIDE BACK TOWARD SWAMP CITY, JIM BEGINS TO EXPLAIN HIS APPARENT CONVICTION TO THE BOY...AND BEFORE LONG, THE TEARS CHANGE TO A SMILE OF PRIDE...



I'M SORRY, UNCLE JIM...
HONEST! I DIDN'T KNOW!

LATER, BACK IN TOWN...



IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW.
MAI UNCLE JIM EXPLAINED
EVERYTHING TO ME!

I ONLY WISH I COULD DO
MORE THAN EXPLAIN,
JEFF!

WARDLOW STILL RUNS
THIS TOWN... SOME WAY
THERE'S GOT TO BE AN
ANSWER... THERE
HAS TO BE A WAY
TO STOP HIM!

THE NEXT MORNING...



THIS'LL TEACH YOU TO GO
AGAINST THE LAWS OF
SHERIFF WARDLOW

THAT WAGON! THEY'RE
BURNING IT!

WITH BLINDING FURY, JIM BOWIE
LASHES OUT AT WARDLOW'S MEN...



OKAY, BOYS!
THE FUN'S
OVER!

I THOUGHT WARDLOW
WARNED YOU ABOUT
INTERFERING,
BOWIE!

I'VE SEEN ENOUGH OF WARDLOW'S KIND OF
LAW! UNLESS YOU WANT MORE TROUBLE,
YOU'D BETTER PAY THESE PEOPLE FOR
THEIR WAGON!



FLUSHED WITH ANGER AND EMBARRASSMENT,
WARDLOW'S HIRED DEPUTY PAYS OFF...



YOU'LL NEVER
GET AWAY WITH
THIS, BOWIE!

INSPIRED BY JIM BOWIE'S COURAGE, THE
TOWNSMEN BACK HIM UP...



TAKE CARE OF THESE TWO!
WE'LL HOLD THEM PRISONER
UNTIL SWAMP CITY APPOINTS
A NEW SHERIFF!

THIS TIME WE'RE
WITH YOU ALL THE
WAY, BOWIE! BUT
WHAT ABOUT
WARDLOW?

SOMEBODY GIVE HIM A MESSAGE ...
TELL HIM I'M WAITING FOR HIM!
WE MIGHT AS WELL GET IT
OVER WITH!



AND SOON...

SO YOU'VE
TAKEN
THE LAW INTO
YOUR OWN HANDS,
EH, BOWIE?

AS OF RIGHT NOW, YOU
AREN'T RUNNING THIS
TOWN ANY LONGER!





WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, BOWIE... YOU'LL HAVE TO DO MORE THAN *TALK*!

I FIGURED MAYBE WE COULD AVOID A FIGHT!



NOT *FAKE* TIME, BOWIE! IF IT'S BETWEEN YOU AND ME... THEN LET'S MAKE IT *PERMANENT*! I'M ANXIOUS TO FIND OUT JUST *HOW* GOOD YOU ARE WITH THAT KNIFE!



THAT'S NOT THE WAY I *WANT* IT, WARDLOW! I DON'T WANT TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF YOU--- WE'LL USE OUR *FISTS*!



JIM AND WARDLOW *CIRCLE* EACH OTHER WARILY... CROUCHED AND READY FOR THE DEADLY BATTLE...

COME ON, WARDLOW... MAKE YOUR MOVE! THIS ISN'T A *SPECIAL DANCE* WE'RE DOING!



WARDLOW LEAPS AT JIM WITH BLINDING RAGE, LASHING OUT WITH HIS FIST...

THEY'LL CARRY YOU OUT OF TOWN IN *PRIGES*, BOWIE!

THE STRUGGLE CONTINUES--
EACH MAN FIGHTING HARD TO
GAIN AN ADVANTAGE...



JIM PULLS THE STUNNED WARDLOW TO HIS FEET...
AND WITH A ROUNDHOUSE LEFT, CATCHES HIS
OPPONENT ON THE CHIN...



THE ADVENTURES OF
Jim Bowie
THIEVES PARADISE

IT IS EARLY SPRING OF 1830 WHEN JIM BOWIE RIDES INTO NEW ORLEANS... GATEWAY TO A VAST NEW EMPIRE ADDED TO THE UNITED STATES BY THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE...



A CREW OF DOCK HANDS IS LOADING A VESSEL
AT ONE OF THE BUSY WHARVES....



...AS A SLINKING FIGURE EMERGES UNNOTICED
FROM BEHIND THE STACKED CARGO...



...AND SCURRIES OFF ALONG THE PIER!



**THE SLINKING THIEF DARTS INTO
THE FLOWING TRAFFIC...**



...AS HIS PURSUERS TAKE UP THE CHASE!





JIM RAPIDLY BEARS DOWN ON THE ESCAPING CULPRIT...



SENSING A CLOSING TRAP, THE FUGITIVE UPSETS A TIER OF BARRELS INTO THE HORSE'S PATH...



A GUN FLASHES IN THE THIEF'S HAND...



... BUT JIM'S HAND IS QUICKER!



WITH A QUICK WRIST MOVEMENT, HE DEFTLY DISARMS HIS OPPONENT!



THE THIEF SCRAMBLES TO HIS FEET, UTTERING A SHRILL, CODED WHISTLE...



ARMED CONFEDERATES SUDDENLY APPEAR, CLOSING IN ON JIM!



AND FOR A MOMENT JIM SEEMS TO BE CORNERED...



BUT, SUDDENLY, A CARRIAGE SWEEPS INTO VIEW...



SNATCHING UP THE FALLEN CRATE, JIM
RACES TOWARD THE MOVING BUS!



... AND SHAKES OFF HIS PURSUERS!



WHEREVER THAT BUTZARD IS,
HE'S MAKING OFF WITH OUR
LOOT!

LET HIM GO! HE WON'T GET FAR—NOW THAT I
KNOW **WHO** HE IS! ONLY ONE MAN HAS A
KNIFE LIKE THAT—
JIM BOWIE!

JIM BOWIE!



THIS IS NO PUBLIC CONVEYANCE!
HOW DARE YOU INVADE A
PRIVATE COACH?

SORRY! THIS
WAS A MATTER
OF NECESSITY!



A PACK OF WATERFRONT THIEVES
WERE TRYING TO MAKE OFF WITH
THIS PIECE OF CARGO! I WAS
AIMING TO SPOIL THEIR GAME!

AND
IMPROVE
YOUR
OWN!







AND IN A BACK ROOM OF THE SHRIMP HOUSE...





MEANWHILE,
INSIDE A
WATERFRONT
WAREHOUSE...

I'VE SUMMONED
YOU MEN FOR A
SPECIAL
REASON!

KNOW OF ANY MORE
PRICELESS HEIRLOOMS
YOU WANT US TO
STEAL FOR YOU?

IN EXCHANGE FOR HARD
CASH WE NEVER GET?
WHERE'S OUR SPLIT,
CRAVEN?



I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE, DISPOSING OF STOLEN
LOOT TAKES TIME! MEANWHILE, INSTEAD OF
LAYING LOW AS I ADVISED, YOU STOLE A
SARMENT OF CHEAP CUT GLASS FROM A
RIVERFRONT WHARF! TAKING SUCH CHANCES
COULD SPOIL OUR WHOLE GAME! RETURN IT,
OR OUR WORKING DEAL IS ENDED!



YOU'RE A MITE TOO LATE!
JIM, BOWIE GOT IN OUR WAY
AND MADE OFF WITH IT!

ONLY AS FAR AS
LE GOURMET'S
SHRIMP HOUSE! I
TRAILED HIM THERE!



THAT'S ONE OF LAFITTE'S
HIP-OUTS! IF WE SHOWN
UP, HE AND HIS CUTTHROAT
CREW WOULD SLIT US TO
RIBBONS!

PERHAPS, BUT
LAFITTE IS A
MAN WITH A
PRICE ON
HIS HEAD...



I WONDER HOW HE
AND HIS BOWIE WILL
ACT WHEN THEY SEE
THE LAW CLOSING
IN!...



MINUTES LATER, A DETAIL OF GENDARMES GALLOPS THROUGH NEW ORLEANS' BACK STREETS...



ANY NEWS, JEAN?

ONLY THAT GENDARMES ARE HEADING THIS WAY! IF THEY FIND US HERE, WITH STOLEN CIGARS, THEY WILL SHOW NO MERCY!



SLIP OUT THE BACK WAY AND PUT THIS CRATE IN SAFE HANES! I'LL TRY AND STALL OFF THE GENDARMES!



OPEN UP!

HURRY! THEY'RE ALREADY HERE!



LOOKING FOR SOMETHING?

YOUR FRIEND, LARITTE, AND A CRATE OF STOLEN GOODS! WHERE ARE THEY?



THEY SURE AREN'T HERE!

BEWARE! HE'S HERE! WE'LL TAKE HIM WITH US!



BARELY IN CUSTODY, JIM IS WHISKED AWAY AT A FAST GALLOP...



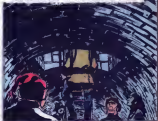
...AND SOON...



CLIMB DOWN THAT FLOOR TRAP! AND REMEMBER... THE GUN IS CLOSER THAN THE MINE!



JIM AND HIS CAPTORS DESCEND INTO A GLOOMY TUNNEL FAR BENEATH THE BUILDING!



WE DIDN'T FIND THAT CRATE... BUT WE FOUND BOWIE! HE CAME ALONG REAL PEACEFUL, THINKING WE WERE REAL GENDARMES!







STRAINING AT HIS WRIST BONDS, JIM'S FINGERS
MANAGE TO REACH HIS SHEATHED KNIFE...



DESPERATELY, HE BEGINS CUTTING THROUGH
THE ROPE AS THE INCOMING TIDE RISES
HIGHER AND HIGHER...



SHORTLY...



I'M FREE! THAT TUNNEL
MOUTH'S BEING POUNDED
BY HEAVIER WAVES! ONLY
ONE DIRECTION I CAN GO...
UP THIS LADDER!

ABOVE THE FLOOR TRAP
IS SUPPOSEDLY THROWN OPEN!

JEAN LAFITTE!
HOW IN BLUE THUNDER
DID YOU KNOW WHERE
TO FIND ME?

I DIDN'T!



WHEN I LEFT YOU AT THE
SHRIMP HOUSE, I MET TRISTAN
CRAWEN. HE OFFERED TO TAKE
THE STOLEN HERRINGMANS TO THE
MARGATE PLANTATION FOR
'SAFKEEPING'. BUT HE LEFT
IN THE WRONG DIRECTION!
I GREW SUSPICIOUS...

SO YOU
FOLLOWED
HIM HERE!



OH! BUT HE
MUST HAVE HEARD
MY APPROACH
AND ESCAPED!

SO DID THOSE
WATERFRONT THIEVES!
THEY GOT AWAY THROUGH
THE INTAKE TUNNEL
INTO THE GULF!



I SAW THEM FROM THIS WAREHOUSE WHARF! TOO BAD THEY DIDN'T KNOW MY SLOOP IS ANCHORED IN THE HARBOR! I MERELY SIGNALLED THE CREW, WHO ARE NOW BUSY HAULING ABOARD SOME STRANGE "FISH" TO SERVE THE GORGONAGES!

STAY WITH IT, JEAN! I'M BORROWING YOUR HORSE! THERE'S STILL ONE MORE "FISH" THAT NEEDS CATCHING!



JIM SPIRITS RAPIDLY NORTH ALONG THE RIVER TRAIL...



THAT'S THE PLACE... IF I'M NOT TOO LATE!



I HAD HOPED TO SNAKE YOU THIS, MY CHILD, BUT THE HEIRLOOMS THAT WERE STOLEN REPRESENT THE BULK OF YOUR ESTATE! AS YOUR FATHER'S DEAREST FRIEND, I STRONGLY ADVISE YOU TO SIGN OVER THE PLANTATION TO ME TO DISPOSE OF AS I SEE FIT!

I-I'M SURE YOU KNOW WHAT'S BEST! WHERE DO I SIGN?



YOU *DON'T*! THIS MAN HAS BEEN USING PAID THIEVES TO HELP ROB YOU!

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, MISS LUCY! HE'S LYING!





A PEEDE



TO PARENTS

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The Bowie Brothers



Jim Bowie's father taught his sons how to use knives for self defense, for at that time the revolver had not been invented, thus a man's choice of weapons was limited to hunting knives or the single-shot rifle and pistol.



Jim and his brother Resin found that it was quicker to draw a knife than to reload a rifle. So with practice they became as accurate with their hunting blades as were rifle marksmen with their rifles.



Actually Resin was responsible for the first "bowie knife." During a hunting trip Resin's hand slipped down from the handle onto the blade, cutting his hand severely. He decided that the knife needed a guard.



Resin sketched a design for the new knife. The single-edged blade had a slight curve at the point and a bar between the handle and blade to serve as a guard. He was sure this safety device would be very effective.



Jim tested his brother's knife; it was well-balanced, ideal for hunting, and it had a "good throw." Though Resin made the first "bowie knife," it was Jim who later made it famous as "The Bowie Knife."

The FAMOUS "BOWIE KNIFE"



Traveling alone, Jim Bowie was ambushed by two hired gunmen. Fighting to defend himself and almost at the point of defeat, Jim lashed out with the knife his brother had given to him. The weapon found its mark and saved Jim's life. After that he was never without his trusted blade.



Perhaps Jim might have been content with the original "Bowie knife" had it not been for a political duel in Vidalia, Louisiana. Seriously wounded, he spent months recovering and redesigning the blade of his knife.



At last well enough to travel, Jim took his newly designed model to Washington, Arkansas, where he sought James Black, an expert in tempering steel and the only man Jim would trust to make the new knife.



In secret, Black worked! When the job was done, Jim marveled at the gleaming blade with both edges of its point sharpened to razorlike touch and a parrying guard of hardened brass to catch and hold a blow.



It was not long before Jim had another encounter...and the "Bowie Knife" was christened. Word spread, almost becoming a legend, and James Black was unable to fill the demand of "Make me a knife like Bowie's."